

# RAILROAD

BY BOUTELLE BROTHERS.  
FOR SALE.  
Fort Point.  
H. H. DENLOW.  
60 Broadway, New York.

FOR SALE.  
The most desirable property known in the State.  
FARM FOR SALE.  
FOR SALE.

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Colorado Presents the Name of  
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Venerable Ex-Secretary of the Navy  
Thompson Nominates Har-  
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W. H. Scenes Witnessed During  
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MAINE MELANGE.  
Good Crop Prospects Reported in  
Aroostook County.

Matters Looking Bright in Boom-  
ing Towns.

The Aroostook Medical and Surgical  
Society will hold its third annual  
meeting in Caribou, on Tuesday, June 14, at which  
time the annual dinner of the association  
will be given at the Vaughan  
House.

It is feared that, on account of the big  
run of logs in Aroostook Falls, but few  
salmon will be taken from the Caribou  
salmon pool this season.

A shot gun club will be organized in  
Caribou within a few days. A trap and  
clay pigeons have been ordered, and the  
boys are getting their shot guns ready for  
business.

There is said to be a larger acreage of  
potatoes in Caribou this season than  
usual.

There is talk of having a soldier's monument  
in Caribou.

Crops are having a wonderfully rapid  
growth nowadays, reports the Caribou  
Advertiser.

Leonard Violen, son of Zedekiah Violen,  
of Van Buren, was drowned on Thursday  
last while at work on the corporation  
drive near Caribou. The unfortunate  
young man started to come down the  
river's short distance on two loose logs  
which he had placed under his feet. He  
lost his balance, fell into the water, and  
was drowned.

At the Thursday afternoon session of  
the Maine Medical Association at Port-  
land, the following appointments were made:  
President, Dr. S. J. Bassford, Biddeford;  
Vice-President, Dr. Alfred King, Portland;  
Secretary, Dr. J. H. Osgood, Portland;  
Treasurer, Dr. J. H. Osgood, Portland;  
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THE VICTOR  
3 CYCLES  
IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick  
Rejoice Because  
Hood's Sarsaparilla Rescued Their  
Child from Scrofula.

For Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all  
other foul humors in the blood of  
children or adults, Hood's Sarsaparilla  
is an unequalled remedy. Read this:  
"We are so thankful to Hood's Sarsaparilla  
for what it did for our little girl that we  
make this statement for the benefit of other  
anxious parents and all."

Suffering Children  
Our girl was a beautiful, fair, fat and plump  
child. But when she was two years  
old, scrofula broke out behind her ears  
and spread rapidly over her head and forehead  
until she was almost blind. We  
consulted one of the best physicians in Brook-  
lyn, but nothing did her any good. The doc-  
tor said it was scrofula, a scrofulous humor  
in the blood. Her head became

One Headache Sore  
offensive to the smell and dreadful to look at.  
For general health and to keep her in a  
large clear air bath without any life or en-  
ergy. The scrofula began to trouble and  
burning, so that at times we had to restrain  
her hands to prevent scratching. For 3 years  
she suffered fearfully

With this terrible humor, being urged to try  
Hood's Sarsaparilla we did so. We soon  
noticed that she had more life and appetite.  
The medicine seemed to drive out more of  
the humor for short time than we began to  
wonder, the itching and burning ceased to  
be and in a few months her head became  
clear of the sore. She is now perfectly  
well, but no evidence of the humor is to be  
seen in her skin. She seems like an ex-  
tending her arms and legs, and her  
appearance from what she was before taking  
Hood's Sarsaparilla.

FOREIGN NEWS.  
Explosion in a Coal Pit—Sixteen Miners  
Killed in the Ruhr.

MUNICH, June 10. On Wednesday  
night a terrible explosion occurred in a coal  
mine, sixteen miles south of the city. Sixteen  
miners were caught and buried in the  
falling debris. It is believed none of  
them can be rescued alive.

THE GREAT FLOOD IN THE OIL CREEK  
Cause of the Flood in the Oil Creek  
The great loss of life and destruction of  
property in Fittsville and Oil Creek re-  
sulted from a dam suddenly, so cheaply con-  
structed, that the marvel is that it stood so  
long.

Reporters drove to Sparta, where  
eighteen miles distant, to investigate the  
cause of the break in the dam, which is  
in the heart of the village of Sparta, where  
Twenty years ago Elbert and Thompson  
built the dam to furnish water power  
for their lumber mill, which they still  
operate. This dam was carried away  
seven years ago, causing a serious flood.  
It was built on a very poor foundation,  
and it was built much stronger; that is,  
part of it was.

The dam is 130 feet wide. It is what is  
known as a yet dam. Piles were driven  
at 10 feet for 120 feet; earth, rocks and  
logs were piled on top of the piles, and  
the whole was covered with a layer of  
mud. The dam was built on a very poor  
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**AMPLE CUP OF**  
**Men's Cocoa**  
**GOES FARTHEST**  
 Royal Cocoa Factory of Holland  
 patrons and the public throughout the  
**Manufactured in the World.**  
 Pure and Soluble Cocoa.  
 the strength of ordinary Cocoa.  
 Made instantly without

—AT—

**WHEELER**  
**SKELAG BRIDGE.**

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In order to convenience those on the West Side we have a branch with A. Webb & Co., grocers, orders and deliver Ice Cream. We guarantee that the quality be the best.

1895-1896

**FOX &**

**HAY-RACK**  
 re in large  
 c 30's.  
**AT THE**  
 IN—  
**Pu en & Co**  
 ow Window  
 M 10 CENTS to \$3.00.  
 DER for 25 and 50 cen  
 ular **HAY-RACK**  
**RAW HATS.**

To stay and from their looks will never become numbers. We refer to Tan Colored Shoes and special attention to a Misses' Russet Oxford though we have them for wearers, in all the desirable styles, at low prices.

**E. J. DAVIS &**  
19 WEST MARKET SQUARE

Best and freshest assortment to be  
 to their friends a salmon should  
 Penobscot fish and no other. I will  
 me a call.

**S MARKET**  
 NGE STREET.

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**N C = 892**  
 Hack and Boarding Sta  
 ID THAN EVER BEFORE.  
 stock, including elegant, new style,  
 wood finish

**Two-Seate**

men. —AND—  
S-Passenger and 12-Passenger

# BOARDS.

I have one of the finest Cars in the U.S. This side of Boston and easy to get into — with careful driver who is well acquainted with the city, and hope to receive a share of your patronage.

BEST ACCOMMODATION FOR

## BOARDING HOUSE.

is unusual, will give personal attention to boardings, Parties, Bouts, Cars, Opera, T

D.S. - Proprietor  
R. - General Manager

phone. 1-2.

### Buildings With

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# A

[illegible]

Dealers in Paints.  
 and Look At Our Line of  
**STOP**  
**Oxford Ti**  
 —FOR—  
 Ladies, Misses and Children  
 —SCHOOLING—  
 French and Dongola Kid, Patent Leather,  
 Russian Calf and Buckram Goat, also a  
 variety of Fancy Slipper.  
 Main Street, Can







# THE GOLD PIECE

Along the shining shore close to where the waves dashed and broke into long curling lines of foam a little boy was gleefully rolling a yellow gold piece upon the pale yellow of the sand. The autumn wind caught his hair and laughter danced in his eyes. The gold piece flashed in the sunlight that streamed across the beach and struck the white cliffs beyond with a dawning gleam. Again and again the child caught the gold in his chubby hand and sent it spinning with curves. Then all at once a roguish breeze lifted his hat, and striving to keep his headgear in place he let his eyes wander for an instant from his treasure; when his childish feet reached the place where he supposed it would be lying, the gold piece was no more.

A look of chagrin darkened his jubilant face. He wondered what had become of his money. Perhaps it had slipped into a crevice of the jutting rock that sprang from the bluff overhead. Or might it not have rolled far into the water? Anyway, he could not find it, and he was disconsolate at his loss. Presently he abandoned the search and sitting down in the sand he began to cry bitterly.

The sunlight grew dim, and a tall man, whose figure resembled a galleon carved on the pale forgotten rock, approached from the cliff and stood on the beach. He wore a rough dress and walked with a limp. Across his shoulder hung a long string of silver fish. He saw the little boy, and passing in front of him spoke almost tenderly:

"Well, my little man, what is the matter?" he asked.

The child lifted his tear washed face. "I've lost my gold piece," he answered.

"How was that?" inquired the man, interested.

"Why, I was rolling it along the sand, and all at once it was gone. I shall be punished for losing it," he sobbed afresh.

"The man came a step nearer. 'Was it your own?' Did it belong to you?"

"Yes, today is my birthday and my grandmother gave it to me."

"Poor little chap," said the lame man kindly. "Let me help you look for it."

He began without delay to search in the wet sand and among the pebbles. The boy, his small body bent almost double, following him with eyes riveted upon the ground. The fisherman's glance was not long before he caught the gleam of something lying under a fragment of projecting rock. He looked again; yes, he saw a yellow speck much brighter than the surrounding sand. After a tiny dot of flashing gold, and he gazed his heart beat a little more quickly. He drew himself up, turned his eyes elsewhere, opened his lips, then closed them again and said nothing. By and by he spoke in a strangely calm voice:

"There's no use looking," he said. "It is lost; you will never find it."

The boy's mouth quivered, his breath came in gasps. "Perhaps if I rummage tomorrow with my grandmother we might find it," he replied; but there was hopelessness in his tone.

"Are you staying at the hotel?" asked the fisherman, looking dreamily at the sea.

"Yes, and I must go home now," with a sigh. "I promised not to stay after sunset, and the sun is nearly gone."

The man made no reply and the child added: "Do you think the gold piece could have been washed away by a wave?"

"Possibly."

"I only took my eyes off it for a moment. It was shining along like a little golden wheel and then—well, I will come back tomorrow early in the morning and look for it again."

Still the man made no answer. All the light had shifted from his figure and the silver scales of the fish had turned to gray.

"Good-bye," said the boy. Then, as an afterthought, "What is your name?"

"Casper," they call me, but you may call me Casper because of this," and he pointed subtly to his right leg.

"Well, I thank you for helping me to look for my gold piece, Casper," said the boy, and he turned away with a little chuckling smile and began to ascend the steps that led to his home.

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"Good-bye," said the boy. Then, as an afterthought, "What is your name?"

"Casper," they call me, but you may call me Casper because of this," and he pointed subtly to his right leg.

"Well, I thank you for helping me to look for my gold piece, Casper," said the boy, and he turned away with a little chuckling smile and began to ascend the steps that led to his home.

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Through his feverish dreams all night long he saw the gleam of gold flashing and twined themselves into fantastic shapes. Sometimes they seemed to form an immense height and threaten to crush him beneath their weight, and he cried out in desperate terror. His rest was broken and frightful visions assailed him. Once or twice the face of a golden haired boy rose before him alternately wreathed in smiles and tanned in cheek and splashed heavily upon the ragged rags of his hair.

"Oh," cried the child joyfully to his companions. "That is the very man—the nice, kind man who helped me to search for my gold piece!"

He asked, "You are in trouble, Casper, you are crying! What is the matter? Why are you acting so strangely?"

The child's companions, attracted by the intensity of the tones, approached and stood looking from one to the other.

Then the tension in Casper's broad chest relaxed, something came back with a smile, and he looked at the boy who had found the gold piece with a gleam of triumph.

"My gold piece! And you found it for me, you found it!" he exclaimed joyously.

For the first time Casper discovered his own voice. He found it, and he wanted to find you, but you were gone. I kept it. I have had it by me ever since. I have hoped and waited—

"Come, Ralph, the child is tired. We must go!"

The child was sober and evidently overcome by a vague emotion. He turned the gold piece over and over in his hand, and he looked at the boy who had found the gold piece with a gleam of triumph.

"What do you want?" he shouted, fingering the door wide open and confronting them with fierce hostility depicted on every line of his countenance.

"We want you to treat. Aren't you coming to the Bull?"

"No! I'm sick. Go away and let me alone!"

"Come, Casper, and let us go to the Bull. The boy turned away reluctantly. Something in that croaking, sorrowful figure seemed to chain his attention.

"Good night," he whispered once more. "I'll be back at ten o'clock. You and your gold piece go to bed."

"Give it to him again for his honesty," said a gentleman of two party brusquely.

"I'll give you another, Ralph. Let the man keep it."

"To be sure!" exclaimed the child, and he offered the newly found treasure to the boy who had found the gold piece with a gleam of triumph.

"No!" he said, brushing away his tears with a sleeve. "Not for worlds—no!"

"Come, dear!" said the gentleman to the child.

As they re-entered the sleigh and he cracked the whip, the speaker added: "How proud these people are! For myself, I have no patience with their ridiculous indifference."

"Riches, riches!" replied a lady, leaning forward to the speaker and looking at the child with a gleam of triumph.

"I'm afraid of losing him," said the child, looking at the boy who had found the gold piece with a gleam of triumph.

With a startled exclamation Casper raised his hand to strike the speaker a blow. But his uplifted arm dropped as though stricken with paralysis. His face whitened. He turned away with a groan.

"Come, dear!" cried another voice, and the man vanished in the darkness.

How long he remained sitting, Casper could not know. But long after the midnight hour, when he looked up to the stars and saw the moon, the words "What?" rang through his brain like the clashing of discordant bells. He awoke. Yes, he awoke. He awoke. He awoke.

He did not go to bed on the following day. A sudden resolve had come to him. He would clear his conscience by finding the little boy and returning the money. He did not mean to confess his guilt. He could not bring himself to such a humiliating avowal. He would say he had found the gold piece accidentally.

Toward noon he climbed up the steep pathway leading to the hotel on the cliff. He found the man with a sword and a great white bandage, with its flying flaps making spots of vivid color against the pine groves beyond. He glanced eagerly about among the trees, but he could not distinguish any one resembling the little boy.

Then he went inside and, hardly able to control his voice, put a few timid questions to the clerk who eyed him suspiciously. "A little boy, with curly hair like the sea, and bright hair that floated on his shoulders—where was he?"

The clerk inquired in a businesslike way: "Don't know his name, but I want to find him. It is something important."

The clerk repeated a moment, then shook his head. "Yes, there had been a little boy answering to that description in the hotel, but he had gone away where?"

Alas, that he did not know. Where? Tears sprang into Casper's eyes. Horribly disappointed, he moved away and mechanically descended the sunlit cliffs to the shore. What should he do? The gold piece carried with it a curse—a curse from which he would never free himself. His conscience tormented him. His luck had changed. He could not find the boy, and he could not find his companions were estranged from him. They looked upon him with distrust and suspicion, and all the while that he was in the hotel, he was in the hotel, he was in the hotel.

Weeks passed. He never went to the cupboards where the gold piece lay, and he never went to the bottom of the cup. He was afraid to look at it. He was afraid to look at it. He was afraid to look at it.

One day, as he was passing down the street with his friend Lessee, they about Mendelssohn.

"Then, you see," said Lessee, "your writings are even popular with the ladies."

"Oh, dear, no!" was the modest reply. "The ladies are only talking about the new law I have just sent them."

Originally all the necessities used in Europe must have come from the east; and it seems passing strange that no record should be kept of the time at which those useful little necessities were first manufactured. It is not a very old story, but it is a very old story.

In the fourth century, the necessities of life were not so numerous as they are now. The necessities of life were not so numerous as they are now. The necessities of life were not so numerous as they are now.

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